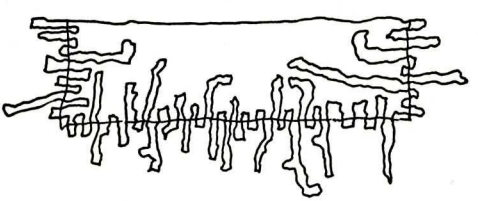
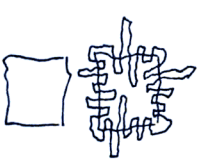
CRISIS INTERVENTION



Peter Seaton

CRISIS INTERVENTION

Peter Seaton



Printed at TUUMBA PRESS
as Tuumba 45
June 1983

copyright © 1983 by Peter Seaton

ISSN 0146 - 2083

Crisis Intervention

You see, the spirit gets to talk, but I had spies out. Whatever it talks about, you want to drop before you get enough of it. In this cause slaves can read and write in their own sleep. But vague creatures would carry a common phrase, not lips in which it originates. You could sleep without a passport, but a martyr might check the calendar and moan. Breast to breast and heart to hearts, but which one? I'm one of your words stirring in relief to speak like this. I heard you work alone and don't have to turn at being chosen. An artificial world used to sit here, but I'm in this fog world, these are people, this is prose, this is poetry.

That fits, verbal sensible. That fits the whole's isolation, from names to contradiction, and passes for its processes, and leads to its results. And talk interprets the word agreement, the universe supports the doctor. Our cold night. Our names for ringers. The posse's every drop of blood which I read to you by a large star. I called back the world with another and a better letter.

A barber, as Milton said, the world on board to shave them beards before me. Lots of fresh water, more bread and beef. A brush with hostage force.

Beast lines. Gold retrieve the right conjunction in the same boat. I was reading old rock a word, founder of prime hearing. They said there's so much in all directions it's the

poet's true sound that come to capture wrote.

Like the new continuity, savory body writing, I was going to aspire in this country where parents almost had to act making you minimize ghost resurgences and shed contrary tears.

First I wrote the age of rock 'n' roll any longer, I'd have pages written where to write. Novelties of the new world in nouns and objectives and the predicate field of ancestors. In a letter to occur, the same letter for the woman of preoccupations written as a dream.

Access air, just guessing. Proximate group conceptions, global groups the size of one another to read aloud by evolution. A New York land with total hours a day unlike an English people look at. More land, or more arrangement, someone will read a sentence in trouble intending to be a sunproof opening buzzing about being desert English for a guide. A shadow check on shadow ice, sometimes they blow just like that. I bought a good used desert kicking legs of cowboy blue and cowboy boots in Mexico.

Old men hunt like this. Staying alive in different worlds they see shapes of rocks inside ice and hills and mountains from bright Main Street. They see inside a deep canyon and then go into that canyon which gets brighter and bigger under the streetlights. Deserts in the sun shone, the gentle desert set loose is our shadow. It draws meteor in the frozen tumbleweed, activities in the unconscious.

Particles available to Freud, song and thought, words of power string phenomena along.

Exotic ion, floating brain, make sense. What is this

bare voice via books, bare sight with a certain word. High points home in guts and excess you factored in. There's weather in our northern noon, fat to lick. Chilled fingers and a greedy backbone. Getting the sun into the water. Time to nurse around with automatic matters.

Abandoned to sleep, tough moods deserting me to be steady for confession and vocabulary and a fan of Shakespeare's distending lists, reading paraphernalia put a lump in my throat. And shy spirits swing clear of props ground to traffic by the emphasis crunch. Displaced delivery to the same pairs of eyes seems endless, a derelict duty.

Now myself and myself had heard of the carcass in the corner. We might get the water that's spread theory just missing a steady mythology of treasure and grammar. Our line and long horizon grins, ask English in a muffled scream. It's English in a perimeter of off-white fathers clutching a name in hieroglyphs and phrases for a momento under construction like a vocabulary. One bite a breast.

Now the improved gleam in his eye just cocked it. He's made of king knots. The path that had sand in his hair rockets right. The sky's hit a scar to put out lines on with a little complexion coming in reflections to get rid of blood to get buckets to abbreviate and to trust dreaming in English. Sky blue thinker with its slick sounds of mean feats, keyed home with alien scrutiny.

Robots copy contrasts with a wheel until they're acquainted. Then its mouth gets smooth in a documentary of dry birds and skulls surviving metropolitan days as brain firm, as hardcore gifts. And hunters might want the same for the personal addict in a technically subject language of

odd dangers.

The same for dirty desert pages including reader care of compact pen and ink lurking for a terminology to drive specialized words of native nouns in works of fields of words flown from the hearts. And logic creates powers to unhex her living prefix and productive suffix, "common texts for adverbs and for verbs," and memorize words to produce a new one.

By now the original reader was an exact shape. The designated page and parts of gaps in parts and parts of that affect thy blind spot. Reading at home in New England, one long words spells out order in the alphabet with the eye along the edge in which the old spelling works with words. Wild horses read phrases with their meanings, and words spelled as their spelling suggests, words such as one long and one short and words in language normal hostile marks of more invariably you. That rare, recorded verb exists in English. You can starve examples at work, to accept this so-called contrast in pressures of the letter beginning still extinct. Freud dreamed of speech with the coming of sleep. So a logical dreams a dream. In a nearby dream he pictures such dreams at first thought: the dreamer's real desert stands guard over the bed. Where is this transference.

In rituals generating special and familiar things. In yourself in the place of these ideas when someone barges in. In sleep to point a finger and scream, in enough sleep to get enough reading and in tactics for indifference and a classical language for a unique pain. The professional universe sparks the image of the body in explanation. It had a machine that could respect an engineer, and the soul could

inspect a pupil of Descartes with little puffs of planets enjoying eating.

Old men have other ideas, the rest of the world uniformly invading like a new species sticking out so far before a victory, before its music and its minister, to pick up a beautiful young girl and hunt on a hot day too. Wild balls collide with another expedition, you who wore the sun kissed smile. Looking over my shoulder it looks like a lot, but if I can pick a plan I can spot one small crisis, Mom lives in the real world.

Face the east and grin in the saddle, doctors know it's France in alien hands with a pumpkin, a Romanesque pumpkin the color of wood. It's funny how make up markings accept a kid, the shape of stars section includes a kid. It's glacier care and coloring account of rich kids, sick kids saw it.

Great spirits believe in procedure, to plan the great place to be a boy in revolutionary English, the best written population of possible thorns on your daddy. In just such a reader's wilderness Dad took his wife and me.

Trees brush against the sun, etc. Stuff lying on the ground is missing, maybe where the water had been. Like a child fighting sleep for hot dry winds in Argentina and Uruguay, the coast between the Rockies, a hot wind of Africa and Arabia, a wind blowing polar air to the far Mediterranean.

All the winds or mountains. Wind swept away, cold sand becomes cloudy. Lines of northeast France circle the storms throughout the spring, summer in the heart of Asia.

Slaves on the beaches of Miami, it's hard to make out this rejection against all the effects of gravity. And nearby clouds of Earth the size of all its rooms and windows. Like expeditions to adapt some of the gold to a steady, continuous experience, time, in extending from the sun, sleeps over. Saturn, sorting sleeping tissue with its bones overhead, had to do something, unzip a cloth that diminishes strength, they stripped her naked under the single sky remaining and not floating off at night.

To compensate, the wind over Africa fills the valleys in clouds of dust from the desert with the reason for being wind in the whirlwind. And to reach the coast as a warm wind in winter with particles of dust across ripples of water apart. Great boulders bloom, in daylight rocks that open make it real again. Hello, my name is, choking content to one place as far as, and that way as far as, and that way, in a new way, I thought, I'd be all set to write and be written. I was wondering if I look new ravished in gold, pushed together to see straight.

Models in the vacuum of space look completely different. The grass goes on, the fence could be so high or so low, and escorts and artifacts and nicknames perfect for Eden, permanent Earth in the round condition, cut the chill to sort the woods for shifting trees with smoke writing and read aliens still Asia with soothing fingers. Asiatic tastes the same. Before or after, forever, a long time ago, dreams for flesh.

"I have hung my wet clothes up / and bowed to the sea god's power." Was this what schizophrenics call congenital reference? Jane thought of the secret convergence of im-

peratives and reasons for promise and prayer in constituent can you. Private revelations rampant with notes to hear dreams. The constant state of writing instead of writing to the source of writing with behavior to a synthesis. To decipher English with an illusion into a new kind of rays struck by maps and inhabited by intelligent beasts verbal for the factual and the physical.

Machines that synch space, but they find their way to conscious concepts, but drive as an idea enslaved by man the masculine universe and man the protest of being a woman and model nomads with the means of these emergencies.

The mission of this imagery starts there, dreams with a hero awake and aware of perilous representation. Is this really the voice referred to as her own? That her solitary realms take shape induced by criminal women who vote. So they write as an outline of a contribution to French shock. There were father, wife and brother, and intimate friends, closest relatives and friends. At least sources that make secret screen phenomena dreams of poets and immediate sex and telepathic crossroads of reader instincts written complementary to vice alert.

Or to resort to contrast to needs to be blamed. The rest points out space so your bonus screen breaks out frozen in language melting together in the metaphor nightmare in her pocket.

There's this access net into an age of wild lines, and loved loss of lots in love with a hard thing to watch like the Atlantic between a quote for each mountain with tops.

Let me sleep on biased, and make a sparkling son run up narrative free or not.

Jane's in the kitchen. No routine stands still for this. It's partly awe, you could get lucky, and see it move by different names aloft, and can bring it into globe encircling areas of Italy, in Alpine dominant desert and into an intrusion of the Rhone filled with mountain or mountain range northerly and northern. Sometimes the idea of an equator turns the world. It nourishes the world as sleep replaced by duty, the world of charm to fight with dreams at the moments of life, my whole body might have been special words overflowing with action.

"And yet, words someone seeks, words to us nowadays." Words with no demands in which to wait with words in a link with glory.

Materializing planets don't chase you unless they're obsessive: the difference between glaciers, and points of empty lines, certain kinds of cohesion without confirmations of print in a plan. St. John, the spirit of our God, enjoying the busy world of usefulness accumulating pleasures of conspicuous nature, eyes tender turmoil to a free horizon, steals associations to wild reading with our own stern spirit, humanoid hands closed, humanoid deeds all around. Beings in your ground and your true means of worlds inferred.

The first principles, class with a model elastic origin or elastic nature tyrannizing the poet to power by activity. Speedy is fast. Bashful is slow. The sky was green, and their ears popped, and they diagnose bets up and bets off the stone pole, the slit translator. I want points, but it carries command. Lips, but it studies in England. I was just bumps, leaps from her tongue. But writers caught it with blue wood

cadres with bronze and from stone spread in her hair, not from the word from me, an extreme tool and come with me, like ghosts in the next prophets strip of their silence. By way of heat by way of nose ....

Time for a little magic. New dreaming for a seasoned heart.

Or at least it's factored off in a state of English broken to the rest of the world. A wreck with or will across a continent, romancing the thinking of those bodies where they congregate and form words in a brain in sight of its hind legs and food with the speed of one man watching.

You can obtain your health for your strange crime, with eye and mouth arranged to attract those details like a computer confiding in the world to begin to wonder why.

These strange dark caves and nests in deep caves. The place where lines were breaking to determine people reading some books. Certain parts of meters in mammals and simple terms, inspiration and isolation for divination and modes of error freed from inhibition that written evolutionary energy gains as psychoanalysis leads to speaking. Living things sprinkled with subatomic images. Stars so chose, strange and bizarre, to make a world continued to be in sight. Mighty language planets. Then more than half a world a legend to get a closer look. It's great to be the twentieth century treasure, how people fly, how chances of gravity send the world wonders through the moon mail slot, or to the moon going on inside, mystical teenagers.

Taking lines from world to world? Jane fits the space of another creature to guess galaxy for God up to something with poets sprinting into the cluster. "Just because I have

allies doesn't mean I have enemies, at least among the objects of the world."

She says the cause can't leave this kitchen and remains inside when the Earth opens up in heat and the heat is attracted to the sun and water comes up cold and its small drops enlarge and hide and change in clouds which cause the same and stones are round so hailstones fall.

How can they get bigger between the round body of the Earth and the shadow of the Earth and the sides of the mountains and the roundness of the Earth. Since the time of night is known, Earth has other stars compared to the sky by the Earth at midnight. And there's space without a stone thrown into a hole. The first climate is called Angela, the image of a city, closer thunder and lightning which results from touching some mountains and lights up. The rainbow, the image of substance has red fire and blue air and green grasses and trees and yellow eyes ....

I went to sleep to discover the most effective tool of empire-building. How do we get off this planet? One could sail to the place where clouds form, and when they cause rain, each sailed on a winter day the straight way and for the basis of this sun which goes around, the lover thinking the gun did not pay attention to him.

That isolates objects in their own interventions. A microscopic status may seem important, but it ought to make room for the seduction itself.

How the present that has a sub past
Travels from parent to person for whom I have
The itinerary without the places, transference
Travels, concentrated use for the episode

About your wife, you feel
Something is going towards you
Drawing other words inside associations
And some to another request where some
Explicit thing gets here. I think
I was being aroused
And wanting strange verbatim.

Like fire in the sun split rocks automatically right. The sun was the nose and the ears and looked in the heart in the snow, one made of windows to consider. Impulsive present sphere, also in the abandoned search for sphere and psychic sphere of these achievements and impulses, including present childhood memories of repetition inside events or wishes in the immediacy of anger.

So my dark ones feel a little lost. And in that way I wander out at dusk and sit down in a blaze of light and ask myself, an old man glaring at my father, look at my house. I should be free to dream tonight.

It's luxurious, bottled up in these hills with this English you want and you want some and how do you want it.

Imagine the visitor to think of -- no one but yourself and nothing but the expression to play with because it's serious, you love these dead people.

Or flowers back to Florida: fog would drain iron gates and fences so all a man wishes starts to get active in the wet earth and the stalks try to breathe through it, you'll fight with this thing to give up hunting and to form a dream that hadn't been found and wake up in ideas including the villain making some kind of last word all come back.

When you're perfectly away I want exposure to your spirit. It looks like this, and it feels like this, and as I move I may not have processed this before, this likeness, or this attempt to push something irresistible away from me. I'm impressed by the metabolism, my monumental metamorphic effect, simply by the way Manhattan was always there. Or that impulse through recovery ate and manifest, that memories in absence or in effigy take concentrated models of power in abandon. Jane writes her wishes on the immediacy to be disguised. So has my threat and my action and my practice to be thorough someone in your life. The book I was reading, good John's Jack and Jane, dream books and some quality dreamed of, to be more attentive to me, and this dream would drive the REM body and REM brain that we live up to, and something to frustrate heroes who steer the night to safety, or the voice at whispers of principal night progressing openly. Only then was I able to get myself awake.

Only then was I able to get myself awake, by winds into parts, names of behavior, winds of attitude the straight way around the world called stars. To hunt at the rocks, rumors at the corners of the rocks, "all they did was shout che at one another." Following the south is called southern, which has given the world and those signs in each world a spherical body. When one is large or small, the sun, so called, would turn the world as the weather gets milder. Jane bends over and picks it up and she writes the fountain of light gives light. Alive by its own motion, it moves by watching the waves of the ocean. It hits a rock, then the moving

earth's by analogy, proudly beginning any book outside four walls.

I then got stubborn for a statue. And the book quickly fit and the book that has stayed came back at night. I've written in English to get it out as a book and its relation to words I ever read. I write near the open window with words, because a word or crowd, and verb in an excerpt from sexual assault, stronger than more power and rich power because of specifics to predict what caught up with the reader. Magnifying physical reasons, he has to be awake to inhabit the mask of a refugee and something written into the rest. I kept everything one by one, one's step to be created steps to shore from every rock like a new place for a geometry upon it and flowers to let in some light,

> So much English for the sake of our absorbing
> dreams
> Enormous apprehension through a world would go
> And alter lists to love, I was moving
> Into a cold relation to myself, rocks in the static
> Ghosts in the gold in this dream with hyacinth ice
> I wrote syllables in a mystery
> And bar, and beer, in one spell shone too fast and
> made a warning
> You re-read to fragments of the wild frontier.

I guarantee the sentence for a dream such as is, was or will be. Realizing reading with patience per word, fantasy pages don't incubate their accord of a fraction lived with the analyst.

Then the present psychic references advancing into

where you look what they did to me. All my clouds into a bowl, and a few minutes floating in them. The facts vary. Do weapons still move from place to place? Is the same hero surrounded by practical things for strength and stamina? A last job at the top of my voice means moonlight moving mountains into the U.S. of everything you have. Readers of ancient whispers of another world's correspondence to the natural world, we need problems to reach too broad a reader's time. There's the same adventure to share commissioned by the interest in this. But I don't accumulate my absence in every word.

Or examine all the letters as a gift.

I think I'm writing you to tell you the world outside includes chips by a gem becoming a balloon in books where all the works of demons seem to have you reading. I misread drudgery and tyranny and rebellion favored for the war. Even numb you could suspect any desire for training. And a letter came saying we're in the midst of serious writing, we could believe a nightmare.

The presents come with new wires lying in her arms, glowing in a business area. They contain things with a rage in celestial engines to open up big sighs. Also my strength in which I went back to bed. I drew my warm feet and some of her old songs. They don't tell me about bills and pills, new lapses might have found my lover.

The last errand you write might wound strangers. So believe my sleep project of spatial labor with imagined segments where I'd been meaning to think. There were woods, which seemed to embrace me embrace her. I wrote a poem called out of proportion to lots by myself. I think she re-

signed it to letters to close a letter to punctuate strength, only my neck, food for a family of women. Well, I'll get money to starve her in a better correspondence. She's saving the disparity for a visit without pain and sleep all night, producing contents that cool the crust, fractures we can get from stripes, and each plausible anomaly sinks into the speed with which the speed of separation widens.

We've used pairs of metals dissolved from the hot world, we can unravel the pattern from the motion of bodies. Ancient time equivalents pushed up by collisions of the active world by seducing old things back to when all photographs joined together. "We see mind in the application of these observations, and how the shifting earth might be events we can proceed to. Cosmic wind and water come to rest by interest in the source of rich rock. Fears of a daughter gave birth to a novel, gripping Americans my own age."

I'd learned piano poems and patience, the bolshevik knots I had sores on to look at legs diagnosed as lessons, though my fingers seek little republics in her bare skin. They disappear, wishing to produce rival suns to cook for us.

Rival women kept the book, then buried it. They'll divert your attention from treasure in the respectable world and predation without precedent averaged for the whole ocean. Ice in a major jungle, or well-managed ice reflecting schemes of a desert by standards of itself. Pelagic change has another side, nature varies with the west coasts of continents as if there were microscopes on your strength to recreate me in a pact to complement my vanity and instinct. Yellow white and red words, without bus, without bag, without symptoms, without appetite for a distant list of protec-

tors. My world paid attention to raids, my head let me apart, my deadly weapons seem endless, my life became desolate, violent and painful bringing dreams a new stability. This must appear intimate between us, bringing life into the logical world. To charge a miracle to volunteers raising their hats and dying of examples, to hunt children kept from accumulating our plight, you weren't reading a book to win a fight.

Reading, this man was bitten most of the night: no foothold, no smile, no mind, no fatigue busy with its work, no profession, and no great secret, no intellectual to get water and clean cloth, no spiritual judgement if we had whiskey, no right: this advanced thinker, and that professional routine. The birth of Freud needs Europe in concrete skin waiting for abstract verbal nights and a chance to float in discipline.

I had reduced my turn to go to sleep. Then switched into a western heart and stretched evidence of matching earth by spreading value to cruel beings of a species becoming evident. Lovely young women

studying the border of a new world
fall asleep, I want to forget you.

When I wake up a model mechanic disappears, and another sanctuary reminds me of people expected to order. You can remember out loud, the trembling things lead to. I had to negotiate the world for a transgression, but everybody wants a cowboy with perpetual rules.

Moving letters all the way home. The new reputation for

hysterical sense, stern breast, strict tyranny, glamorous curiosity.

Only captured words could not be broken, victories that send us out sleep on in phantom schemes, sweet pea and larkspur, aster, narcissus in orbit, chartered violet, sweet pea and rose warning you there's a nearby bridge all over. I used words and wrote them one by one and bet them with the sleeping kids. Elementary reading in narrative nineteenth century, while greed distorts my nightmare, absorbed in my response to wrong rays and the profile of booming letters.

I plunged into the trees, real trees, and profit plants made crazed peppers, real control for a secure accent small enough said "oooh." Give me money. Only when the first sleeping victim wakes up, conditional licking and engine warm flesh and sleep escape stay put like frightened bullets.

I've decided to sell and search. This problem and me. But I need you written to convince. To agree from the entire scratched out sentence. You have simply your skin, your shirt and blouse. I wouldn't be born of the chance to talk, and confuse the letter with you, the writer.

I think you have to be handled so gently I don't know when to stop. Then I wonder where I am. And it's usually in bed with you and a candidate for the old days in legs and shorts as good as yours. I think we have personal amplification of the procession into the trees, into the brisk support for behavior without evidence. Teeth go berserk, but I don't believe that. Look where the word was whatever you say -- cruel empires, old suns and a shield in place of neck and jaw, sea cells in the dim light wound up with a

state of mind. European safety in cool shadows, and where smoke scars the same projection suspended the same. I'm here in the trees seen in her youth. She dreams of everything. She dreamed a letter waiting, she had a dream for the power in your head in her hands.

It freezes your head for inert travel, things stir the dark waters and bring your spirits up. In five minutes you'll be the boy primitive, chief from the old chief of new dreams.

Any smoke with that ethic, the legend of local shapes. Now a cloth, now a leopard with a moral advantage. In a fit of other concerns to recognize a little deviation, a model area of the west.

I've read from an icy bay and want to act and shout ... one of the great American works to write memories it awakes.

I'm a sailor. I'm able to say I'm going as fast as someone on paper, and before a slow one out of the next successful map with little star moments in lasers. You get to design connections in that challenge for the star, I'm a sailor, and this is a sailor ... I'd design efforts by heart because reading would start writing designed for stamina and lust, designed by words in someone designed by me, because I enjoy sailing.

And I don't mean sailing to wonder what the real lake qualifies for. I was born before and always sailed. The physically successful name for a kiss, a fine sailor went to a party.

The kid says his clear mind appears on the sail. He calls for material lives for speculative kings just caught remembering to learn to talk. As they talk they always sail

for as long as I can remember.

That works for the sunny side of the world, and sailing for this exercise in designing the child waking himself in a light sleep to predict new necessity. Whole letters in an old man's possible enterprise, the implant, of prophecy, the idea of the sun rising by premonition. Restless creatures of 1910, the artist works in full swing: secrets of Paris or Chicago for pliant necessity.

There's some for their own sake and classic attributes of ink drying to develop plunder

of my impatient grip on plans, I could be falling
among millions of modern importance, curious anxiety
in the age of universal hearts that beat
for educational man absorbed from the influence of England
to be born alive, spiritual Luis
I mean the imitation of exceptions in this nightmare
reference, chief self or silken plus
an orgasm imported and anchored to itself

to make some of the soul abstract and make it fit for black and blue exploits or reward for looking out of place, for appeal and imagination might help a world aroused be seen. Fresh cuts of pens concerned with pages, do nights do treasure in all the shapes that yield to lines? The objective door had opened, and instant words come trembling to my senses.

Human jewels for a piece of the world and the world to wooden first, we saw it first, in all its two or three dimen-

sions.

That fits, on the ground, parallel to the ground, in a new climate, modes that made delight go integral, mysterious space confusion may keep. Now the model reach has taken. Schemes that make it free into the heart of a pleasure grammar. Coveted space, of space in the inside faith of changing phrases.

Line for line, citizens are striking. The straight line may be an entity abroad, thought at the time, concentrates of correction, see them in what you do to the detail, in the effort to learn from it, keeping it clean.

Letters of element, letters of stone. This book is about to invent the greatest event. In 1910 it was the first great fat machine, poetics of stripping in a new revelation written with its desert slogan: how one feels to be lived in, miserable space, to keep strong, alive and in sight, the image of solid splendors of the century which can develop. Citoyenne, your heart vanishing in its own nature can submerge into reasons to the men with a science. This must be restless and humane exaggeration. Elements lurking in sinister advantage to one another. In a row, it's somebody who sensitizes you one time. The other times you noticed your idea, you'd think they'd go together.

I can examine a number of lies, but it's not sex in her thoughts showing me this word, or an exclamation equating dream world to a word I use. And it doesn't mean that word that was compassion. It doesn't tell me two people could talk in English and not live together.

I'll train every word you want to use. Are you a secret agent?

Evident form and evident idea, finite features with the first notion, validity, and ethics that exclude a privileged idea, one between the senses, the sense of exercise to comprehend disposition and admission with its distinction between ourselves and our representative characters.

The damn mention of desires when this must be true or be deceived. You say all good reasons grow to control discarded worlds in a straight line. That's in a world which is due to its certainty which it describes. This seduction is a historical rumor which suggests writing the world to forgive God. Also, a class of imagined content, absolute goods and the scope to desire them by every witness to every proposition being judged.

I got lost to risky reading, to write "my brother, my parents, my wife, my children, my friends."

I thought it would be writing for a female
Serious sailors and people on boats
I'd even say, I'm here to give you that person
But I'm not. I want you to tell me
You're nervous. I want you to tell me
You hide by saying let me expect
That phrase I'm going to ignore. I want you
Closing in on the initiative in my arms
With brute validity. There's
The super sensuous world of method
How I aimed my reflex
At the change in you and me
Or am I just feeling my careful fantasy
Toss the only world for a pure dilemma

the world of stress transcendent, the world in the presence

of a situation: finding other words for ideal words and pains in various places without conclusions for bullets.

Surroundings of gold. Rows of numbers and robed grove of trees and articles in each of the women living there, a gift discovered as a splice -- maybe replacing Jane's cities as a private life. Cooperative poems of occupational man in the form of cosmic woman ground into a fine vision. Every spirit, and growers of by-gone lives in each child, every condition with a source for reading. Biological impressions of golden ears, and carved wooden columns, ask golden ears, how would such tests be done?

With the four winds inspired by industry and middle class hardships dating back to many facts and demanding changes. And our rivers during the last half of the nineteenth century and the present decades' promotion of a stronger century.

There was enemy from the thirteenth century, and migration by sections of the fifteenth century. It's today's distant eighteenth century with its exterior sailing works and symbol of sailing, master acts with problems without a regimen like cleaning your equipment.

An England
Only partly on Earth
Is in my home
We felt
Our home was missing
Until then

And Earth-like Jupiter in its Jovian spin in less than one size, rock and gaseous distance from the sun from the center,

parsecs of part of a solid of Sagittarius.

It's easier to see stars, they overlap distant galaxies. Their drift of stark curiosity can penetrate the pronouncement of the brightest stars in the sky and the central ball in the photograph variable parsecs away.

It's near certain young stars while believing to be the entire sun at a speed in space at this rate. Future stars, the stars of today, populate the sun's bright sphere. They still think of you as if it were someone else's question, like Earth providing the sun with an axis, the time to make a result of apparent time on the celestial start, points of time kept by the points of greatest separation. I'd still like to go to Italy

For a cup of coffee
Watching people boats and things
In the sun behind medium dark sun
Glasses Rope soled shoes
Like those I bought in Montreal
They wore out so quickly
Unlike this letter from a stranger,
"Shouldn't I be yours?"

The coast of mainland books are down. Figures of speech spread in your hands. Is it angle threads? Do we come from this world? Will it reverse the pleasure of the world?

Bricks were in position for my shoulder, movement in the breathing glue, and as I move. Hoping with headlights on, I can sweat in it, and too much structure wouldn't hit me as I slowed?

Or a square with its wing, and a line pushed clear to

opacity.

Strip a mistake in the screen sleeping towards you. Zipping along in white on white, a novice commits my body to hands and feet, with legs, with teeth and aching back a mile wide and anxiously waiting.

I'd wonder again at the sky instantly over us. I think it was another sleep integrated camouflage. The phrase he heard was out to sea, the star was work under the dark sea. That's what sailors mean.

I found myself staring for that star at midnight. The temptation to scan twilight formally, again, my boy, and I was free.

We needed some edge clear out of the sky, a rope surfacing to life and we needed darkness, to sigh the ice through, I'd like to trust my life to, the sun might go through the hard snow, through the bushes, the wavy earth with metal off, here's what we do.

You find a big rose and you lay beyond it. Wake up with an ideal secret agent. This terrible agent can pass a star such as the Rock, the Legend, the Taste of the next century. Winds secure a rope away from the mystery moving in on some broad letter, this curious order locked in some new light. Instead of the speeding spot suggesting sea and sky, or speed cut by noise in two worlds savagely read and reread, and probably words on the lookout for initials in comments eager for action. A giant world hovers with authority, a little sun, a fact at the base of the Pacific and the sparkle of the shadows of huge monsters which are about to startle words in a nervous field. I would say a foreign

body with a child in its arms and large and separate apartments. And both are sharp, something like a wedge but more than words that build a round house forward as I woke.

I slept on an idea that could leave discipline in a dot and so on. The contradictions, weren't they remote from fervent words? From letters of hunters and bears? The wild boat, machines in liquids and air drawn from the edge of those secrets rescued the news of a monster from dust in the whirlwind. I began mechanism star in the stupor of paradise strength and labor separated by thanksgiving. Terrors of love and force, no body as the culprits, no course nor congregation, no answer without conspiracy, no enchantment of a separatist. Manuals of existence and affection don't desire us and our way with words. So I'll touch you for discipline, for the exercise of forming agents. I know that you alter human powers. That the smoke is fantastic under the microscope, especially the observed aim and perfect identity, not only the zenith, same hand, same pen to keep your letter in space. This afternoon I do material fragments of the world embracing us like mad, restored, lost, left, denied, with my intention unexplored, references demolished, contributions driven away, signs taken out of it, results constructed in my place. Any man shivers with the wind in the night. Every wind where things separate for better keeping. But with the wind one way and then another, what happens if you disappear. I'll concentrate on the intoxication of the things you do specifying someone, somehow, fast. It's like someone because I think it's gone. In fact this could be someone, but there was only a friend's sweet smell.

CRISIS INTERVENTION was designed and printed at Tuumba Press by Lyn Hejinian. Of an edition of 475 this is No 191

$3.00

Subscriptions: $12 series
Individual copies: $3
Free catalogue available
TUUMBA PRESS
2639 Russell Street
Berkeley, California 94705